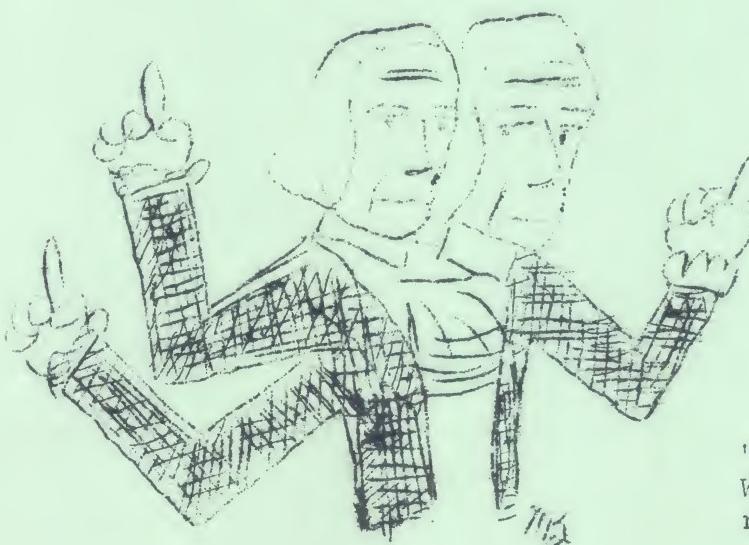


APA-FILK

#42

1 MAY 1989



"And the question, President Washington is; What issue number of APA-Filk is this?"

APA-Filk commemorates 200 years of Presidential lying
(What is the Presidential Anthem again, "Hail to the Thief"?)



"The Answer, it's true, / Is the number 42, / The Answer's the number 42"
42nd Stanza, APA-Filk #42 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E 18th St.
~~SINGING~~ #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / April 15-16; May 3 (and retyped at
Boardman's on the 6th as my stencil didn't print), 1989

As I worked Lunacon & Balticon, I didn't get to the filksinging at either (tho' I did arrange a room for it at Lunacon). (Harold Feld, did CJ Cherryh ever get to the filking at Balticon? She stayed a long time at the Phrolicon party.)

The best filksing I've been to in ages was the one at the March First Saturday, enlivened by the delightful surprise appearance of - and performance by - Mike Agranoff, a folksinger frequently mentioned in Anakreon. Ex-APA-Filker Vinnie Bartilucci serendipitously chose to make his first appearance at a NYC fannish gathering in months. Marc Glasser also contributed to the entertainment.

The Satanic Verses aren't, of course, part of a song (yet), but it's had ramifications in the music world. Cat Stevens (now calling himself Yussuf Islam) gave a new meaning to "greatest hits" - he approved the Ayatollah's call for Salman Rushdie's assassination. "'The Peace Train' has pulled into the wrong station," someone observed. Radio stations have stopped playing his songs; and Saturday Night Live filked "Moonshadow", "I'm being followed by a Big Muslim, Big Muslim, Big Muslim." Given his new philosophy of murder as a legitimate expression of disapproval, perhaps he's disappointed that people are merely boycotting him. (Say what you will about Christians, Tipper Gore doesn't go that far.) This all rates filk treatment - certainly another verse for "Real Old Time Religion."

Meanwhile, in New Pogo, Albert, having written a new, "kindly, gentry nationalist iingle" (tho' he had trouble finding something patriotic to rhyme with "money" and there weren't enough dog-praising lyrics for Beauregard), found himself an "iambic infidel" with a price on his head.

And is the new anthem of the Soviet Army "Marching Through Georgia"?

& - THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #41 - &

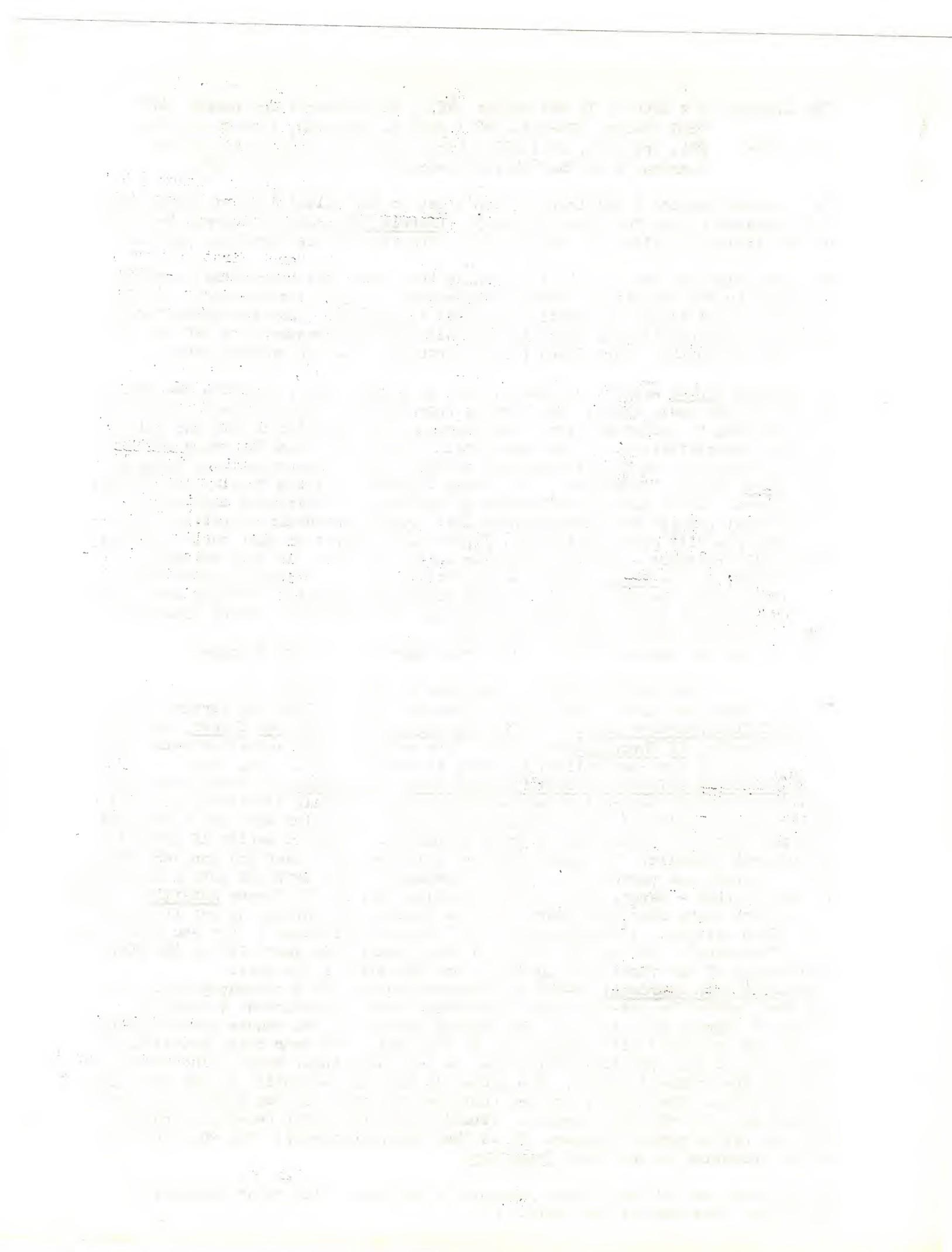
It would have been nice to get a large turn-out for our 10th anniversary issue.

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow:m Re The New Yorker (yes, The New Yorker) article on Trek fandom, SF Chronicle reported; "The subjects came across as weird characters suitable for examination, at best, at arm's length." Ah, fame.

DOWN & OUT IN PRINCETON & BOSTON/Harold Feld; The Mikado is evidence of Japanomania in Britain before the Russo-Japanese War. Britain identified with its sister island-empire. // 39/ct Boardman) Defense industries sure don't consider military spending detrimental to their economies. // Does it matter if James II was himself Catholic? His appointees and policies, his queen and son were Catholic. A threat was perceived. // 40/ct Boardman) Re its national anthem being played at sumo matches - Japan, Land of the Wrestling Ton. // I've never Metafilk. There is no Other Forms Hugo this year; write to Holland and Chicago to get it put on their Hugo ballots. I'm unfamiliar woth "Dawson's Christian". (Do you know "Dawson's Christian"? He is?) // "Ode to a Dead Dream" This year will be the 20th anniversary of the first moon landing - and the 17th of the last.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: RU-486 is an abortifacient not a contraceptive. // ct me) Would minac for APA-Filk turn subscribers into contributors? # With the growth of filkdom as a force on the fannish scene, why the meager participation in THE apa concerned with filking? // Re Fawn Hall, you were fully justified in commenting on her "physical attributes" in your song about North ("The Man Who Smuggles the Contras' Guns"). The press did say more attention to her tits than her testimony. She traded, and has continued to trade, on her looks, even trying a stint as a tv talk show co-host. Finally, and sufficient reason, it rhymes. (This is called poetic license. Or is that licentiousness?) And why isn't Ms. Petric objecting to the title Broadside?

(As you see, one of the letters seems to be broken.) I'll be at Disclave & Empiricon. See some of you there. 



ANAKREON

#2, APA-Filk Mailing #42

1 May 1989

CAPTAIN PIGPEN MALLOMAR

by Harold Groot and John Boardman

(Tune: "Signy Mallory", lyrics by Mercedes Lackey, music by Leslie Fish, and published in The Horse-Tamer's Daughter, Off Centaur Publications, El Cerrito, CA, 1984)

CHORUS: Captain Pigpen Mallomar has no soap, they say;
The captain of the No Way! is covered all in clay.
And in the captain's dirty hair are little clouds of lice.
Oh, the smell around the captain, boys, it isn't very nice.

He's captain of the No Way! and a man who does his job -
A third-rate freighter jockey and a first-rate dirty slob.
He left the Federation when it tried to make him scrub,
And now he warps to Rim worlds in a fission-powered tub.

They say he doesn't think about the orders he has lost,
Although the No Way! claims to have the lowest cargo cost.
They tell out on the Rim worlds that he once mixed in his hold
A hundred tons of thoat manure and bales of cloth of gold.

They say for No Way!'s captain, discipline's a dirty word
And that is why each crewman is a junkie, bum, or nerd.
The dregs of all the galaxy, and still they stand in awe..
A scuzzball like the captain is a thing they never saw!

They say the captain doesn't care about his looks or smell.
His crewmen all would follow him through novels by Pournelle.
In sleazy bars they'll tell you - if you pay for all their beer -
"Stand downwind from the captain, and you've nothing more to fear!"

He's captain of the No Way!, detested on the Rim.
The Federation blacklist always starts and ends with him.
The molds upon his person are a medical resource,
But all the worlds regard him as the hind end of a horse.

CHORUS

The first verse, in a slightly different form, was originally suggested by Harold Groot in the 36th Mailing. He there listed it as a verse that would never be finished. Harold Feld and I thought differently, and both considered writing more verses to it. Above is my attempt at it. Lackey's and Fish's original inspiration was C. J. Cherryh's Downbelow Station, in which, as in many Cherryh novels, the fruitless lust for military glory which has always been a male disease is extended to females.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

APA-Filk #41 cover (Blackman): Yes, technically, "Happy Birthday to You" is a tune that was once copyrighted. This story is one of several examined by Hal Morgan and Kerry Tucker in their book More Rumor! (Steem Press & Penguin Books, 1987). The song was originally written as "Good Morning to You" in 1893 by sisters Patty and Mildred Hill. At the time, U. S. law provided that a copyright would run for 28 years, with one renewal for the same period allowed. Thus, after 56 years the original song became public domain in 1949. However, this applies only to the tune, because the song was republished in 1935 as "Happy Birthday to You". Owing to subsequent changes in the copyright law, these words will remain in copyright until 2010. "This doesn't mean you're expected to send a check to the owner every time you sing the song at a birthday party," Morgan and Tucker explain. "Royalties are due only when the song is performed, recorded, or reproduced in a commercial manner."

Older science-fiction fans will remember that the estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, who died in 1950, neglected to renew the copyrights of some Tarzan and John Carter novels written in the 1930s. The astute editor of Ace Books, Don Wollheim, took note of this fact, and Ace began reprinting them as public domain material in the early 1960s. Attorneys for the estate screamed blue murder, but Ace's act was perfectly legal. Furthermore, it set off a revival of interest in Burroughs' writings which ultimately made great profits on the still copyrighted books for the estate.

Singspiel #41 (Blackman): Comic books are getting to be like Roger Zelazny's "Amber" series. You can't be sure of the death of a major character even if he's chopped into ground round before your eyes.

The story about Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemmings was originally an invention of Jefferson's opponents during an election campaign. Campaigns in his day were almost as slanderous as those of our own. Lee Atwater would have fit quite naturally into the Federalist Party.

Jersey Flats #18 (Rogow): Between Barbara Bush and Roseanne Barr, the "full-figured" woman is going to become fashionable again. For the remaining age group, I suggest that the next young female superstar might be a generously structured young singer or actress in her early 20s. It's about time for a major change of public attitudes in a good many fields.

The writer's guide for Star Trek: The Next Generation explicitly told authors that Picard isn't Wesley's father, and hinted that they weren't even to think about it. The guide also ruled out Vulcans for the time being.

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #7 (Feld): "There is no evidence to confirm that James II was a practicing Catholic." You should get your college tuition refunded if you ever took a history course. If the man's own memoirs aren't convincing, check any good history of the period from Macaulay on down. In his reign the question was not whether Protestantism would remain dominant, but whether its exercise would be tolerated at all.

Less than four years after he took the throne, he had exasperated the whole country to the point where with virtual unanimity it called over his nephew Prince William of Orange, who was married to King James's elder daughter, and gave him the crown. King James fled to France and never returned. Res ipsa loquitur.

Filking, gradually merging into both folksinging and nursery rhymes, was much richer as a result. "Lilliburlero" led off the Williamite hit parade, and "Rockabye Baby" is presumed to be a Williamite satire on the poor chances that King James's infant son would ever have or inheriting the kingdoms from which his father had run. On the other side are such Jacobite songs as "Ken Ye a Rhyme for Porringer?", "Who'll Be King but Charlie?", and "Charlie is My Darlin'". The turmoil extended as far as the American colonies. In 1692 Jacob Leisler, New York's first reform politician, was publicly tortured to death in City Hall Park for being a Williamite when the Jacobites controlled the city government.

To this day there are two "claimants" to the alleged rights of the Jacobites. They are an Italian (the Duke of Bourbon-Parma) and a German (Albrecht von Wittelsbach, also the Bavarian pretender). The distinction between them depends upon whether British law regards as valid an uncle-niece marriage through which the German's alleged claim exists. Such Jacobites as may still exist have overlooked the fact that the English throne has been elective in effect ever since the consent of Parliament was obtained in 1327 for the deposition of King Edward II, and the descendants of King James II are specifically excluded from the succession by an Act of Parliament of 1707.

My attempt to translate "Yahveh Tsva'ot", "Lord of Hosts" or "Lord of Armies", as "Yahveh Tsvu'im", "Lord of the Hyenas", was rather heavy-handed satire. After all, who is the principal beneficiary of war?

ANAKREON #41.(me): Owing to defective corflu, the second line of the chorus was a bit hard to read. It should be: "R-U-four-eight-six fills the bill."

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is a quarterly amateur press association for people who like filksinging - that is, satirical or otherwise imitative verses, often based on a theme from science-fiction or fantasy, and sometimes but not always written to an already existing tune. APA-Filk is published on the first days of each February, May, August, and November. It was founded in 1979 by Robert Bryan Lipton and is now assembled by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. APA-Filk goes to anyone who is interested in it, and who either drops by to pick it up in person, or who sends a few dollars for postage and packing. Account balances as of 30 April 1989 are given below:

Greg Baker	\$3.79	J. Spencer Love	\$10.22	Pete Seeger	\$8.05
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Lois Mangan	\$8.79	Karen Shaub	\$5.77
Gerald Collins	80¢	Matthew Marcus	\$3.39	Glenn Simser	\$8.46
Bob Fitch	\$3.65	Margaret Middleton	\$5.86	Beverly Slayton	\$16.84
Harold Groot	\$8.33	Doreen Miller	\$9.26	Mike Stein	\$10.46
Jordin Kare	\$7.90	Michael Rubin	98¢	Peter Thiesen	\$3.52
Cheryl Lloyd	\$12.32	Kathy Sands	\$1.68	Sol Weber	\$3.14

Harold Feld, Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretzky, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley all receive APA-Filk on their APA-Q accounts, which include APA-Filk costs. Roberta Rogow and Mike Agranoff get APA-Filk in trade. The blank to the right gives the present state of your APA-Filk account including costs for mailing out this present 42nd ~~Nailing~~. (That includes 25¢ for the envelope.)

Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Suspended accounts are listed below. Three of these have positive balances, and belong to people whose copies of APA-Filk have come back in the mail. Anyone with current addresses for any of these people should send them to me.

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Sally & Barry		Randall McDougall	-65¢	Nick Simicich	-69¢
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Deirdre & Jim		Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Rittenhouse	\$1.40	Paul Willett	\$1.37
Mistie Joyce	\$6.86				

ANAKREON, my own contribution to APA-Filk, also goes to all readers of my fanzine DAGON, and to other people who have expressed an interest in it. The copy count for APA-Filk is 60, and the next deadline is TUESDAY 1 AUGUST 1989.

GRACELESS NOTES

There are three more concerts left in the spring folksinging series at the Good Coffeehouse. This takes place on the first and third Friday evenings of each month at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, NY 11215. The doors open at 8:45 and singing starts at 9:30. Admission is \$5, which includes coffee and doughnuts. For information call 718-768-2972 after 8:00 on evenings when performances are scheduled.

Upcoming are:

- 19 May: Arthur Haber, who "mixes folk rock and pop hits of the 60s and 70s with his own quality originals."
- 2 June: Nelson Adler and Jan Christiansen, "two members of the illustrious Hudson River Sloop Singers" with "their own sets of original and contemporary songs... a preview of the Great Hudson River Revival!"
- 26 June: Morning Star Band with "lively sets of traditional Irish and Scottish dance tunes and songs performed on concertine, flute, uillean pipes, mandolin, guitar and Bodhran."

Performances will begin again in September.

*

We would like to thank Mike Agranoff for dropping by at the March First Saturday. He made a lot of music for us all, and our other guests sat and listened for hours.

*

The New York Daily News of 8 February 1989 carried the obituary of Joe Raposo, 51, a five-time Grammy winner. One of his best-known songs is Sesame Street's "It's Not Easy Being Green". Another well-known song of his is a memorial to Ebbets Field, onetime home of the Brooklyn Dodgers, "There Used to Be a Ballpark". The last verse of this haunting song runs:

"Now the children try to find it.
And they can't believe their eyes.
'Cause the old team isn't playing...
And the new team hardly tries.

And the sky has got so cloudy
When it used to be so clear...
And the summer went so quickly this
year.
Yes, there used to be a ballpark, right
here."

*

One of the most powerful - and, hopefully, effective - songs to come out of the protests against the Vietnam War was Buffy Sainte-Marie's "The Universal Soldier".* It observes that the blame can't always be fixed just on the rulers and generals, but belongs with the ordinary killer in the ranks, too. However, Newsday of 13 February 1989 claims that Sainte-Marie is now drumming up support for one of the most universal types of modern soldier, the guerrilla choreographer who tries to get wars going anywhere in the world that the situation looks ripe. Her protégé is Major General Richard Secord (USAF, Ret.) Secord is going to go on trial as soon as that federal court in Washington decided what it wants to do with his co-conspirator, Lieutenant Criminal Oliver North. One of the reasons that Sainte-Marie feels sorry for Secord is that he doesn't have congressional immunity from those hearings 2½ years ago which exposed the whole mess. She is even raising money for his defense, because, according to her agent, "For the first time in her life, she saw someone who appears to be on the other side, but who's getting the injustice through the system that the Indians are getting." I suggest that before she goes overboard on this, Sainte-Marie should go to Fiji and find out about Secord's rule in the mi-

* - I may filk something to this tune in the next issue, if I can get it to jell. It'll be called "The Universal Politician".

litary coup which threw out an elected government pledged to keep nuclear weapons out of the country. Secord, John Singlaub, and a dubious bunch of international mercenaries called "The World Anti-Communist League" seem to be behind this one.

*

In the last ANAKREON, the song "The Little French Pill" was to the tune of "A Little Tin Box", from the musical Fiorello. That song refers to a state investigation of political corruption, made about 60 years ago under Samuel Seabury, with the strong support of Fiorello La Guardia and other reform politicians. One of the subjects of the investigation was asked how he happened to have an unusually large amount of disposable income. The witness protested that he had saved it up in a little tin box. No one was convinced by this story.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

1547

In my notes to "The Little French Pill" I mistakenly stated that Fiorello had just been revived. This was incorrect; what was then playing on Broadway was a new show, since closed. It was also about La Guardia, and was called Hizzoner.

Since then, the Oliver North trial has brought the little tin box back into the news stories. North, like the other crook, claimed that the large sums of money he had been spending were from a little tin box in his closet. Nobody was convinced.

*

On 5 March 1989, the West Village Chorale gave a program of American folk songs and other Americana at the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, in the West Village district of Manhattan. One of the items performed was a composition by Sol Weber, an APA-Filk member. He wrote the music, and Tim Joseph wrote the words, to the following composition, which was performed in an antiphonal style common in the more enthusiastic churches:

"In the beginning there was Aristotle,
And objects at rest tended to remain at rest, (Oh! Lord!)
And objects in motion tend to come to rest,
And soon everything was at rest, (Everything? Yes, Lord!)
And God saw that it was BORING!"

"Then God created Isaac Newton. (Isaac Newton!)
And objects at rest still tended
To remain at rest, (Oh, no!)
But objects in motion now tended
To remain in motion (Hallelujah!)
And energy was conserved,
And momentum was conserved,
And matter was conserved,
And God (Lord God!) saw it was too conservative!"

Then God created Einstein, (Albert Einstein!)
And everything was relative!
And fast things became short,
And straight things became curved,
And the Universe was filled with inertial frames;
And God (God!) saw that it was relatively general,
But some of it was especially relative.

Then God created Niels Bohr,
And there was the Principle, (the Principle!)
And the Principle was Quantum, (yes lord!)
And all things were quantified, (gracious Lord!)

But some of it was still relative (Oy Vey!)
And God saw it was too confusing.

Then God was going to create FERGUSON! (Who's Ferguson?)
And Ferguson would have unified, (Ha!)
And he would have fielded a theory (A theory!)
And all would have been one, (yes, one!)
But it was the seventh day,
And God rested. (Rested!)
And objects at rest
Tend to remain at rest!

Most of the other items in the program were songs from the revolutionary and early post-revolutionary period, including Francis Hopkinson's tribute of George Washington, the Shaker hymn "Simple Gifts", the rousing "Mad Anthony Wayne", William

Billings' battle
And there was General Washington,
With rich folks all about him.
They say he's grown so tall
proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

hymn "Chester" There was Captain Washington
(which might have Upon a slapping stallion,
become out nation- Giving orders to his men
al anthem, and (I guess there was a million.)
two haunting songs

of the reality of war - "The Dying Redcoat" and
"Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier". The modern sanitized version of "Yankee Doodle"
was also included, with the verse to the right, but not the original one to the
left. It was all in all a very enjoyable program, and I was happy to see that this
historic old Episcopal church has recovered from the fire it suffered a few years
ago.

*

In 1962 Nat King Cole recorded a song "Ramblin' Rose", so when a scandal about Cincinnati Reds star Pete "Charlie Hustle" Rose and his alleged gambling activities broke, the parody "Gamblin' Rose" followed naturally. It was written by Jerry Thomas of WKRC in Cincinnati and has spread to other cities. Mentioned in the song, Marge Schodt is the Reds' owner, and Peter Ueberroth is the Commissioner of baseball. (Newsday, 9 April 1989)

Gamblin' Rose
Gamblin' Rose
Why you gamble, nobody knows.

With no bets down,
You are all frowns
What a letdown
You Gamblin' Rose.

Where's your bat?
Where's your car?
Did you lose them in some bar?

Charlie Hustle's
Days are numbered,
And the odds are 8 to 55

Marge Schodt says, "Just play ball,"
Ueberroth just hit the wall.

For your fans' sake,
With the books break,
Baseball can't take
A Gamblin' Rose.

*

Charles Belov, a former ~~FPA-Folk member~~ who now lives at #183, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114, sent me a clipping from the English-language South China Morning Post of 25 February 1989. It is a comic strip, "The World of Lily Wong", by a cartoonist whose signature looks like "Feign". It satirizes Australia, complete with music, which is naturally to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda". (This is, I feel, a bit unfair. Australia presents so many topics for satirization that it's an unfairly large target.) In particular, the strip satirizes the old "White Australia" policy, which rejected non-white immigrants until it began to develop that they had money! One of the panels shows a stereotyped Australian male with all

the appurtenances - bush clothes, a ~~Seila~~, a surfer, a boomerang, a kangaroo, a crocodile and, in the background, Ayers Rock. This version of "Waltzing Matilda" goes:

A young Hong Kong man
Went Down Under with his family,
And sat for two years
In a cramped Sydney flat.

Then he flew
Back to Honkers
With his passport on his knee,
EMIGRATE AUSTRALIA - easy as that!

Come to Australia!
Come to Australia!
Come emigrate
To Australia with me!

And as long
As you bring some bucks,
We'll forgive that you're Chinese,
COME EMIGRATE TO AUSTRALIA WITH ME!!

*

The United Methodist Church, home of the censorship fanatic Rev. Donald Wildmon, has finally published its new hymnal. Previous issues of ANAKREON have told how the committee of revision tried to throw out some of the more militaristic hymns, only to be overruled by a vast groundswell of pro-war opinion from the church's laity.

USA Today of 1 May 1989 tells how "Onward Christian Soldiers" is still in the hymnal; however, "God of Our Fathers" became "God of the Ages", and any racial stereotype that may be in the line "Wash me and I shall be whiter than the snow" has been excised from "Have Thine Own Way". The moral of the story is, that the feelings of women and of blacks are to be respected, but that opponents of war have no place in the United Methodist Church.

*

This composition by Barry Mitchell appeared in the New York Daily News last New Year's Day. It is entitled "A Comedian's Prayer", but I am sure that some filk-singer could find a tune for it. Many of the people and events cited init are local to New York. A glossary will not be provided.

Thank you, dear Lord, Thy bounty was
great
Such targets you sent us throughout
'88!
For Bess, who kept stealing all she
was able
And praise unto Thee for your gift,
Sukhreet Gabel.
For Barbara Bush, that Matronly frump,
And Givens and Tyson, the heavyweight
chump.
For Dukakis, with only himself left to
blame,
Thanks for his eyebrows and, mostly,
his name.
For Mort and for Oprah (no longer a cow),
And noses that break on Geraldo's show
-ow!
For lawyers and stooges and all out to
lunch,

Mason and Maddox, the whole Brawley Bunch.
For hundreds of punchlines, the media's pal,
Tawana's "adviser", the plump Reverend Al.
For gridlock with Gorby, our favorite Red,
Borscht on his breath and stain on his head.
For Bush, who never could quite remember
If Pearl Harbor Day took place in September.
For Reagan, such charm and so little smarts,
And Nancy, with all her astrology charts.
But one other blessing makes others seem
pale:

Thank you for sending that turkey, Dan
Quayle!

*

You probably know him as an actor, but Kris Kristofferson started out as a musician. Now 51, he was interviewed by Rob Tannenbaum in the New York Daily News of 28 January 1989. Some of his songs fall into the "country-and-western" line, a field in which with his anti-war views Kristofferson finds himself in a minority. Among his compositions are "Help Me Make It Through the Night", "Me and Bobby McGee", and

THE EXODUS RAP

(For the recent Passover season, Lenore Skenazy's New York Daily News Magazine feature "Only in New York" featured an interview with a "Jewish reggae" group called - what else - Black Shabbos. The guitarist's name is given as "Omai Bashevis Singer", which I don't believe for a minute. Black Shabbos claims that it is currently working on "The Salman Rushdie Run For Your Life Exercise Video". Skenazy composed the words for "The Exodus Rap", which is printed as part of her report.)

Well, my name is Moses, you can call me Mo,
I was found in the bulrushes ~~ages~~ ago.
Grew up in the palace, Tutankhamen was my neighbor.
We lived like kings thanks to cheap slave labor
(Snap snap) Boy: Bring me another cheeze blintz -
I was the first Jewish Egyptian Prince.

CHORUS: Go go! Go, Moses, go go go!
Let my people
Let my people
Let my people
Go go! Go, Moses, go go go!

Just chillin' out, took a walk by the Sphinx
Saw a foreman beat a Jew and I thought,
"That stinks."
So I picked up a brick, took aim at the dummy,
Next thing you know he was dead as a mummy.
(Snap snap) I wasn't caught, in God I trusted,
Then Pharaoh said he wanted me busted!

I fled to the desert and got me a wife,
We lived your basic Iron Age agrarian life
Till one day I saw a burnin' bush that set me thinking:
"Either that's God or I should cut down on my drinking."
"Hey, Mo!" cried the bush, "You listen to me!"

I got you booked in Egyptland A.S.A.P.!".

CHORUS:

"Let my people go," I said, "Pharaoh, pleeeease!"
"No way, Mose, they're staying with me,
'Cause someday this will make a great Middle East Western -
You know you look a lot like Charlton Heston?"

(Snap snap) Men, take away this two-bit shaman."

Yo God, it's time to send the first plague in.

Here come da plagues! Here come da plagues!

"Hi, we're the Plagues! Party of ten!
We're here for the Moses thing!"

Well, I made the river run red with blood,
Brought on the frogs and let 'em play in the mud.

Folks got lice and bugs were a-pesterin'
Dead cows, hail and boils were festerin'.
(Ding ding)"Attention, all you Kay-ro shoppers:

Today our specials are darkness and hoppers."

The king did not believe that things could worsen.

So I played my ace and killed each first person.

But the angles of death passed each Jewish bro.

Pharaoh caught on and said, "All right, already. Go!"

(snap snap) "Hurry up!" I said, "we're on a roll!

Bring all your possessions and unleavened dough!"

CHORUS:

We fled to the desert, I parted the Red Sea,

It was simpler to do than crossing De-lancey.

The Egyptians drowned but we all lived And like I say, that's my prerogative!

"Yo Mo!"

I got some tablets for you, you big macher!"

That must be God. He thinks he's a doctor.

I climbed Mount Sinai and brought down
the Torah,
But the Jews made a calf, sure 'n'
begorrah!
I threw down the stones, stormed off to
my tent,
Said I wouldn't come out till they'd re-
pent.
Uh oh! "We're sorry!" they cried,
So I got the Ten Commandments and star-
ted this rhyme.

CHORUS:

Cassettes of Black Shabbos performing "The Exodus Rap" are available for \$5 from Exodus Rap, Box Z, 151 First Ave., New York, NY 10003.

THE UNIVERSE SONG

(These verses by Eric Idle of the Monty Python troupe, were sent to me some time ago, and the cover letter has become separated from the photo-stat. I therefore don't know whom I have to thank for it. It provides a scientific antidote to the religious song just quoted, and I can assure readers that every statement in it is scientifically accurate in the present state of our knowledge of the universe.)

(The first four lines are spoken. I don't know the tune of the rest.)

Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown
And things seem bad or tough
And people are stupid, obnoxious or daft,
And you feel that you've had quite enough...

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving
And revolving at 900 miles an hour,
That's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see,
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour,
Of the galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars
It's 100,000 light years side to side.
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light years thick
But out by us it's just 3,000 light years wide.
We're 30,000 light years from galactic central point,
We go round every 200 million years
And our galaxy is only one of millions and billions
In this amazing and expanding universe.

The Universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
In all the directions it can whizz
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you know,
Twelve million miles a second, and that's the fastest speed there is.
So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure
How amazingly unlikely is your birth
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space,
Because there's bugger all down here on earth.

Well, my name is Moses, you can call me Mo,
I was found in the bulrushes ages ago.
I freed the Jews and dried all their tears,
But I feel like I've been wandering for 40 years.
(Snap snap) Time flies when you're having fun,
And like I say: "Next year in Jerusalem."

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 7)

his moving tribute to Martin Luther King, "They Killed Him".

Sentiments like this, and Kristofferson's well-known opposition to the U. S. Government's plans to invade Central America, have caused some difficulties for him "in the conservative community of country music." (Compare, for example, Loretta Lynn's characterization of Michael Dukakis: "I can't even pronounce his name!" I wonder what she thinks of President Bush's new Chief of Staff, John Sununu.) Hate mail has followed Kristofferson's visits to the Soviet Union and Nicaragua, and "some fans returned his albums to his record company." One station manager reacted to his song about Dr. King with the words: "The only thing wrong with the King assassination was there wasn't four more bullets in the gun."

This sort of thing makes you think about what contemporary conservatism really means. It is not just an attempt to revive already discredited policies for a second try, or to achieve a sense of security by trying to return to the attitudes of an earlier and allegedly simpler age. As such remarks as the ones quoted, or the Morton Downey show, or the statement of the Republican National Committee Chair that Dukakis's running mate would be a black rapist, all show, conservatism represents a break-down in common civility and an escalation of the rhetoric, and of the practice, of civil violence.

*

Unless something additional comes in at the last minute, the contributors to this Mailing of APA-Filk will be only Mike Stein, Roberta Rogow, I Abra Cinii, Mark Blackman, and myself. As of present writing there isn't even a cover on hand for this Mailing, and unless Mark's artistic talents can be prevailed upon at the last minute to provide us with one, this Mailing will go out without one.

Abby, as I Abra Cinii is familiarly known, is a newcomer to APA-Filk but a well-known face in New York City's science fiction fandom. Her verses deal with the hassles of recent Lunacons.

One contributor sent in his pages already collated and stapled together. While this does not present a major difficulty in the assembling of an apa, I would appreciate it if contributors would send in their pages uncollated. It is thus easier to collate and assemble the entire mailing in one operation.

*

I have recently received the 1988-1989 catalog for Firebird Arts and Music, which seems from its sales list to be one of the firms formed out of the ruins of Off Centaur. (Their address is P. O. Box 453, El Cerrito, CA 94530.) Composers and performers represented include Leslie Fish, Mercedes Lackey, Meg Davis, Frank Hayes, Juanita Coulson, Stan Rogers, and his brother Garnet Rogers. Also available are out-of-print Off Centaur tapes, Star Trek posters, artwork by Kelly Freas, songbooks, and live Bayfolk tapes.

*

Kenny and Tzipora, long-time favorites on the New York folk/filk scene, now have the following tapes available from them at \$10 each: "Moon Hooves on the Sand", "Songs of the Otherworld", "Fairy Queen", Dreamer's Web", and "Wineskins, Tinkers, and Tears". Volume I of their songbook is \$8, as are their T-shirts (specify size). Their address is P. O. Box 746, New York, NY 10009.

*

Mike Agranoff's tape, with such items as "Jake and Ten-Ton Molly", "My Favorite Diseases", and his own highly original rendering of "The Battle of Trenton", is now available from him for \$9. His address is RD4, Box 45, Oak Hills, Boonton, NJ 07005. As an engineer by profession, Mike is less than sympathetic to the Luddite aspects of the environmental movement, a fact which he makes clear by describing his mundane job as follows:

"With the help of a large military contract, obtained by greasing the appropriate palms, we are now in the final stages of development of a biological weapon which...will induce a lingering death from rampant warts

amongst vegetarians, anti-nuclear activists, and those with leftist political inclination.. This rare substance is secreted from the brains of baby harp seals when bashed repeatedly with a blunt object, The amount of elixir contained is directly proportional to the size of the animal's eyes."

Furthermore, the announcement of this and of Mike's upcoming gigs was printed on 100% unrecycled paper:

"Whole forests were levelled, thousands of small ~~furry~~ animals left homeless, and vast virgin landscapes devastated to send you this letter."

*

Woody Guthrie's "This Land is Your Land" has been popular among people who wouldn't have cared for Guthrie, Pete Seeger, and the things they have stood for. Once, about 20 years ago, I heard "This Land is Your Land" being sung by pro-war demonstrators. And when George Bush went trooping around the country last year with right-wing country-and-western singers in his entourage, one of them, Crystal Gayle, sang it for the crowds. David Lindorff, in a letter to the New York Times of 6 November 1988, observed that Bush obviously didn't know the words of the song, and wondered whether Gayle sang these verses:

"In the squares of the cities,
In the shadow of the steeples,
In the relief office
I saw my people.
As they stood there hungry,
I stood there singing
This land was made for you and me.

"As I was walking
I saw a sign
And on the sign it
Said 'No Trespassing.'
But on the other side
It didn't say nothin' -
That side was made for you and me."

*

Wail Songs, P. O. Box 29888, Oakland, CA 94604 sends along a catalog supplement. Their annual catalog is mailed each fall. The supplement lists a couple of new tapes, at \$9 each, recorded at CactusCon in Phoenix on Labor Day weekend of 1987. (This was the NASFIC, for people who can't go overseas for WorldCon in the years when it is held out of the continent.) Songs include "King Ronald the Good", "Vampire Baby Boogie", Garbage Barge of Islip", "Eternal Soldier", and "Ose". The tape "Manifilk Desting", also \$9, was recorded at Westerfilk XXXX; Jordin Kare and Harold Groot are among the artists featured. Wail also has Roberta Rogow's fourth tape, "People and Places" at \$8; it includes "Tattooine", "Green Hills of Earth", "Dom Kyril's Nedestros", "The Lady of the Storm", and of course "Banned from Argo". Songbooks are also available from Wail, including so help me a collection of 28 songs, all by Aya Katz, and all based on the TV series Blake's Seven.

*

Popular music is still one target of the Christian demand for complete control over every aspect of life. Others are role-playing games and movies, and television, fields in which they are being notoriously unsuccessful. My war-gaming fanzine EMPIRE carries an occasional column, "Dungeons and Christians", which relates the now faltering Christian campaign against Dungeons & Dragons and other role-playing games. For full details on this mess, in a Christian's own words, I refer you to Turmoil in the Toybox by Rev. Phil Phillips (\$7, Starburst Publishers, Box 4123, Lancaster PA 17604). Phillips tells us all, in lurid language and frequent biblical quotations, about the mortal danger posed by Barbie dolls, Cabbage Patch Kids, role-playing games, He-Man cartoons, Scooby Doo, Smurfs, Care Bears, Gremlins, the Star Trek and Star Wars series, E. T., and so help me Gummie Bears.

An attorney named Stephen F. Rohde, of Los Angeles, commented on this trend in a letter to the New York Times of 13 November 1988, condemning "the spate of lawsuits against such rock groups as Judas Priest, Ozzy Osbourne and Aerosmith seeking mil-

lions of dollars in damages based on the lame notion that they are personally liable for suicides and other crimes committed by one or two of their millions of fans." Rohde cited the case of "Heinrich Pommerenke, a German rapist and mass slayer of woman (who) carried out his ghastly deeds after seeing Cecil B. De Mille's Ten Commandments. During a scene in which women dance around a golden calf, his suspicions about the opposite sex were confirmed; women, he decided, were indeed the source of the world's troubles, and it was his mission to execute them."

In line with the belief that rock music causes the world's troubles, the California town of Irvine is trying currently to ban appearances by the Grateful Dead. And a Nevada court has actually taken up the case of a lawsuit against Judas Priest, claiming that this group's music caused two local youths into a suicide pact. (They must be desperate for court cases in Nevada; such a thing would never even get on the crowded docket of a New York court.) It is asserted that there is a "subliminal message on the recording. Judas Priest actually had to go to the bother and expense of hiring a Nevada attorney, who very sensibly argued that "words that are heard subliminally should have the same constitutional protection as any other printed or spoken words." (Newsday, 14 April and 2 May 1989)

*

Filk may be appearing from a very unlikely place - the American Physical Society. At an APS meeting in Baltimore on 1 May 1989, the allegations about "cold fusion" at the University of Utah were subjected to a searching and largely negative examination. Confirmations of the alleged discovery of room-temperature nuclear fusion have been largely unconfirmed by attempts to duplicate the research elsewhere. I have heard that some physicists have composed limericks and other verses, satirizing the belief of Profs. Pons and Fleischmann of the chemistry department at Utah, that they have made a discovery which has escaped all those physicists with their high-tech, high-temperature equipment.

Much of this rivalry is being interpreted as resentment of physicists against chemists, or of an alleged "Eastern Establishment" against something done at a western university. Defendants of Utah and its claims of controlled fusion is now being phrased in terms of counter-attacks against the established universities and research centers of the east coast, who think that nothing has been accomplished until they have accomplished it. Still, the fact remains that many more denials than confirmations of cold fusion are now being reported, and cold fusion may be just one more thing to score against Utah, along with polygamy and Morton-Thiokol.

Where limericks have been composed, filksongs cannot be far behind. I am going to try to run down the verses for the next issue of ANAKREON.

ANAKREON #42

John Boardman
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11226 5302

F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

JERSEY FLATS #19, May 1989
Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

It's been a VERY busy Spring, so I don't even know if this is going to make the deadline for May APA-Filk...

CONVENTIONS

The aforementioned Dremewerkes Con in February came off as planned, with Mr. Nimoy in attendance, and me doing my thing all alone in Scranton. Usually I have a spare body to help with the table, but this one found me all alone, struggling with The Boxes. I was actually given an hour for a "performance", filk, marred by a recurrence of Frank Hayes Disease (where you forget your own lyrics)...but I have a loyal Fan Club in Scranton who provided them for me! Result of all this was that sales were doubled after I sang, especially the old "Sing a Song of Trekkie" book, which has been lying around in a basement for 10 years. All of a sudden there's a new generation of Trekkies, aching to discover filk, and here I am with a nice, ACCESSIBLE book! No complex chords, no weird melodies, just singalongs, and fun.

And so, on to ClipperCon...Media-filk, of course, but so late that I had to go to bed before it really got started. Claire Meier showed up, and I got her a room by putting the arm on a couple of complete strangers: "You've got a spare bed? here's a fan who desperately needs a place to sleep for the night..." I wound up at the Banquet, where I do not usually go...I have no real desire to spend \$30 for dinner, especially when I am on a "food program" that calls for me to reject anything with sugar, starch, or fat in it. However...I inherited someone else's ticket, and had a lot of fun at the Charity Auction, where I out-bid George Takei for a tote-bag (it was a NICE tote-bag!) and got a set of ST:Wrath of Khan cups, a coloring book, and a ST game. The game and the coloring book I passed on to a couple of kids, whose mother called down blessings upon my head the next day...she'd been going out of her mind trying to keep the kids amused!

And the usual zoo at Creation Con...no New Yorker reporters this time; just the regular Trekkies and Second Cousin Kenneth, who popped up because he happened to be in town and wanted to see what Cousin Bobbi (me, to my family) was up to.

LunaCon: This one was partly "for me", since I didn't have a regular Huxter table, but I was helping Devra Langsam at HER table, so I spent a LOT of time there. I did get to hear Roger Zelazny's talk, and I ran into (and afoul of) Jan and Chris Morris, who gave me the Real Dope on How to (and How NOT To) participate in a Shared Universe, i.e., "Merovingen Nights". And I actually got to do some filking, although not until Saturday, since the Big party on Friday nite didn't break up until after midnight.

I did get a chance to show my latest costume: "The Art Show". I was still stitching madly away at this on Friday night; Saturday I unveiled it for the first (but not the last!) time...for those who weren't there, this is basically a cloth sandwich-board; on the outside are the Art Show

Hours and Rules; when I unfold my arms, I show typical SF Art, rendered in needlepoint, crewel, and blackpoint embroidery...a picture of Uhura and one of the Enterprise; a unicorn, a dragon, a spaceship, and a planetary system. It got a loud laugh, a "WOW!", and two awards... Most Humorous, and Best Workmanship. (More on this in the next paragraph)

When I finally got to the filk on Saturday, it quickly became a "can you top this" session, until someone called for "The Fannish Orchestra". Since the tape we made last year went into the Wild Blue Wherever, various people offered to tape This Time, if we wanted to do a reprise...so, a roomful of people did the reprise! (Does this make it a Tradition?) For those who want a copy, Carol Kabakjian was taping, and her tape sounds pretty good to me...

When I finally got to bed, the other LunaCon Tradition took over: the annual fire drill. Seems the Tarrytown Sheraton has a very sensitive fire alarm, and a clove cigarette can set it off, and obviously DID. Sirens went whooping off, the entire Con traipsed downstairs, and shivered outside until the fire dept. told us it was OK. There was a honeymoon couple (mundanes, no less!) standing next to me, who were blotto on champaigne, and a couple from the Midwest, who had come in for the wedding, who vowed never ever to come back to New York! Rumor has it that the LunaCon Committee feels the same way about that hotel.

Two weeks later...BaltiCon! This one was strictly "for me"... I sold a couple of tapes and books "off the arm", but basically, I went to hear (and speak with) C.J. Cherryh....which I did. CJ was in top form, despite a series of weird accidents that had her locked outside her own house, with the keys INSIDE (don't ask!)...I got to a panel on ST:NG for and against...that should have been held in the Main Ballroom! So many people squeezed into the room that they were doling out the oxygen molecule by molecule! General consensus was that New Generation Trek fandom is not as vociferously partisan as the "Classic" Trek, but it's growing...and it's leading a lot of people back to fanzines!

The Masquerade at BaltiCon was, as ever, impressive...so I was really pleased to win "Most Painstakeing Workmanship" for "The Art Show". One oddball note: I use the opening bars of "Pictures at an Exhibition" (what else?) as background for this one; so did a couple dressed as Russian Boyar and Wife (looked like Boris Godunov). We just had to be sure one didn't follow the other. Other costumes were a pair of Volcano Gods (with fans built in to keep them comfy under the latex!) and a gorgeous re-creation of the ball dress in "Labyrinth"...

Filking at BaltiCon was divided between the Bardic (for the "authentic bards" and the Filk, for people like me. And, as usual, I missed Julia Eklar, who packed it in just as I got there...I was only in time to hear "Cranes over Hiroshima", which has me in tears even thinking about it! CJ put in an appearance, and did several songs with Jane Fancher.. Thieves World, Merovingen, and Merchanters. After that I had to get a copy of "Finity's End", the C.J. Cherry-Universes tape.

That was supposed to be IT, but along came a Creation Con in New Haven, and I wanted to go for two good reasons: to hear Jonathan Frakes' info on ST:NG, and to sell enough 'zines to cover my medical expenses. So off I went, wheezing and sneezing, and I never did hear Frakes, but I did sell 'zines. As for singing...I couldn't SPEAK!

REVIEWS

ST:NG is really picking up steam! I especially liked the episodes like "Measure of a Man", which explores what it is to be human, and "Royale", which is a weird view of hell...being caught up in an Elmore Leonard novel! Upcoming episode also sound pretty good...insights into Cdr. Riker's past, and Guinan's....

"Hard Time on Planet Earth" has a very interesting premise...a being from another planet, sentenced to live on Earth as a human...getting all his knowledge from television! Egad! So far he's managed to beat a "Company Q" squad into shape, and get a juvenile delinquent back with her family. Martin Kove, the male chauvenist hunk on "Cagney and Lacey", is the prisoner...guided by a talking basketball called "Control". One of the best episodes had a female from his planet coming to zap him...the two of them meet in a singles bar and drink vinegar together! There's a lot of humor in this one...reviewers miss the point, alas! I kinda like the idea of an Innocent with the strength of the Hulk!

A thoroughly nutty book I just read (in one day!) is called "Bimbos of the Death sun". It's a murder mystery set in a SF/Fantasy Con; it zings just about everyone in Fandom, from the Con Committees to the Filker to the Guests of Honor. I thought I saw several of my freinds in it (although I may be wrong!). And I can't find it in the bookstores, but check out the next Con...unless people don't dare sell it, for fear of being lynched by irate fen!

COMMENTS TO OTHER PEOPLE

To Mark Blackman: I know how you feel Filk is becoming Big Time, and with so many songs under copyright, it's hard for a parodist to find anything to parody! Of course, it helps to be on good terms with the originators of the tunes...but then you have the problem of people who hadn't heard the originals in the first place! (I finally got to read the original words to "Bloodchild", which Claire Meier sings as "Bloodcurdled"...now I know what she means! YUCHHHH!)

To Harold Feld: Check your history books, Harold...James II made no secret of his Catholic conversion. He sent letters to his daughters, Mary and Anne, urging them to convert. He repealed a lot of anti-Catholic laws with the avowed intent of replacing Protestants with Catholics at the first opportunity. And, far from being a sponsor of civil rights, announced his decision to bring England back into the Catholic Fold as soon as possible, and by force, if necessary. (I've been reading a good biography of William and Mary, so I'm pretty sure of my facts).

To John Boardman: I'm trying to keep up! Things get a little hairy sometimes...I got into APA-Filk kinda late, but I'd like to hang on for a while...

PERSONAL STUFF

My "food program" was started because I weighed in at 190 lb. and the doctor told me lose 50 pounds or get a new hip. It's easier and

cheaper to lose the weight. I'm now down to 170, with 30 more to go to my goal weight of 140. (I'd prefer 135, but let's not get carried away!) Basically, I'm on the "Non-Insulin Dependent Pre-Diabetic Food Plan", which consists of several small meals and snacks instead of three biggies. I'm not supposed to get hungry (you wouldn't LIKE me when I'm hungry!) and I'm supposed to stay away from sugar or starch. There are a lot of things I can have, but only at certain times of the day...like, I can have French Fries, but only at 10 AM. Who eats fries at that hour of the morning?

In any case, it is working, and I am fitting into clothes I haven't worn in 2 years. It'll take till Christmas, but I want to get back into a junior size again...

My "pro" writing is sort of stalled....I was paid for the third Merovingen Nights story, but the fourth was rejected, so I hurriedly wrote another one, and sent that off...no word yet on how it's doing. The S: ST:NG pro novel is similarly stuck in transit. No word fro Jean Lorrah, who is acting as my agent in this.

My daughter, Miriam, is officially engaged, to Matt Moore, in San Francisco. He's a "book" SF fan, but he's not in Fandom. The primary concern is WHO will marry them and WHERE....he's a lapsed Catholic who has flirted with Buddhism, and she's semi-Jewish, who had a taste of Evangelical Protestant Christianity. I suspect they will march down to City Hall one day and get legalized by a Justice of the Peace....and then have TWO receptions, one in California, and one in New York!

My daughter Louise, having tried NOT going to school, has come to the conclusion that she really does need a Masters' Degree after all. So she's attending classes and New Jersey Institute of Technology, and flitting about at various Cons, where she may be caught with a butterfly net.

My upcoming schedule: Creation Con in New York, with William Shatner on hand to plug Star Trek V:The Final Frontier. MediaWest Con my annual Michegan Trek. And various summer Cons, including one where I will be Fan GoH!

Keep on Trekkin' --- AGAIN!



composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927
CompuServe: 71131,2043

Another quickie this time, I fear. Work has gotten no better, though on Feb. 1st I am supposed to hear about a possible contract job which would pay me enough in six months to allow me to be unemployed for the next six. I really could use a rest.

I took the Martin, the blue/green/teal Yamaha, and my 'cello to OVFF over Halloween weekend. OVFF was very well attended; there were many people whom I had never seen before. Unfortunately a large number of well-known filkers were not present. Julia Ecklar was missing, and most of the west-coast crowd wasn't there - not surprising, given that ConChord had taken place in LA just a couple weeks earlier. Bill Sutton stayed home due to lack of funds; he had been GOH at ConChord and stayed on to sightsee. So it goes.

Perseid, printed last issue, was very well received. Mary Ellen Wessels and Kathy Mar learned the song on the spot; MEW took lead vocal while Kathy and I did harmony. Bob Laurent of Wail Songs wants it for the tape. Robin Nakkula and I did *Hive Dance* together, but any chance of it being on the tape was ruined when Joe Ellis hit a gawdawful squawk on his keyboard right in the middle of the performance.

Discovery, included this issue, also seemed to meet with approval even though I did botch the first attempt. (My job situation gives me much less practice time than I would like.) Actually, it's rather embarrassing, since I think the song falls into the category of good schlock. If cliches were cholesterol, you'd all be dead of heart attacks.

Duane Elms and Barry and Sally Childs-Helton gave a panel on songwriting. I was gratified to hear them endorse many of the rules I use in my own composition and evaluation of songs. Duane is very serious about writing; he has a folder in which keeps his notes, fragments, and works in progress. (Me, I just put things down on any old scrap of paper and type it into my computer when I get the chance.) Among the points covered were limiting the length (unless you've got a bunch of diehard ballad fans), making sure the lyrics are comprehensible when sung, and polishing the hell out of them. The last is something that particularly annoys me when it's not done. I can't count the number of times I've heard songs that were defective in scansion, rhyme, or grammar (and not for comic effect) but didn't have to be - the writer gave up too soon, saying, "It's good enough for filk."

The midnight brunch was delish, and a relative bargain at \$10 per head for all you could eat of omelettes, little bagels, sausages, blintzes, etc. At the banquet they gave out the awards. I don't remember all of them off the top of my head, but the most interesting one to me was Tom Smith for best media song, *Superman Sex Life Boogie*. It beat Julia Ecklar's *Ladyhawke*. Tom has been very prolific of late; he's even self-produced a tape, though what's going to happen with it I don't know. (Of course, I could be as prolific as he is if I were as unemployed as he has been!)

The closing was tons of fun, with a jam session up on stage - a couple dozen musicians playing whatever they had. I got out my 'cello and provided a strong bass line to whatever people were doing.

It's official: Off-Centaur has become Firebird, and great is the stink. Firebird wants full rights to everything (the copyrights, your future works, your firstborn,etc.), though they are willing to negotiate if people strongly object. I've heard that the former partners are at an impasse, so this may go to court. The only ones who will do well out of it are the lawyers. Sigh.

Discovery

Words and Music Copyright 1988 by Michael Stein

D a
The ship is waiting on the pad, a nation holds its breath
D A E A
Remembering two years before, when dreams all turned to death.
F D A D A
Through all the false starts and delays, we asked, "Where went our skill?
D E
Or could it be we've simply lost the will?"
But now they say they've got it right, the bird is set to fly.
The only thing that's left to do is prove it to the sky.
The final seconds slip away, just time for one last prayer,
And then a roar of thunder fills the air.

A G D A G D
Discovery! On wings of fire the dream will rise again.
A D E
And as your flame climbs ever higher, so soar the hopes of men.
D A D E A D
The stars are calling; hear their song - the challenge rings out clear.
E A
We're headed back out to the high frontier.

Not only for the five that ride, but thousands who helped build,
And millions more who shared the dream, a promise is fulfilled.
The shuttle rises from the pad, her course is straight and true,
And, gaining speed, she disappears from view.
No marker stands to show the place where other heroes fell.
But as they pass, they turn to say a silent last farewell.
What comes then from the radio, as to the stars they steer?
A burst of static - or a ghostly cheer?

Chorus

Now all too soon they're headed back, the shuttle's mission done.
But everyone aboard her knows the job has just begun.
But right for now let's celebrate the day of flight's rebirth
And watch her gliding safely back to Earth.
For anyone who might object we're barely off the ground,
It doesn't matter where we've been, but only where we're bound.
The planets and the stars must wait until another day.
But now, at least, we're once more on the way.

Chorus

(D)

We're headed back where we belong.

E A GD A GD A GDA
Out to the high frontier! Discovery! Discovery! Discovery!

composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927
CompuServe: 71131,2043

NEVER TRUST A SMILING SHERATON

is the new motto of Discon III, Inc. On April 9th, 1989, a day which will live in infamy, the corporation formally voted to withdraw its candidacy for the 1992 Worldcon. This event was forced by the Sheraton's decision to sign a firm contract for eight hundred rooms and most of the function space starting Sunday of Labor Day weekend. Apparently deciding that a bird in the hand was worth three in the bush, they shafted not only us but the two other hotels in the group which bills itself as the Connecticut [Ave.] Collection. The Hilton had turned down that same convention in deference to its agreement with us.

Before terminating the bid, we looked at a number of options: living with the logistical problems involved with shifting our base of operations to the Hilton, moving the con back a weekend, or shifting to the convention center and the not-yet-completed group of hotels around it. We almost certainly could have made one of those two options work. However, we decided that trying to bid with a hastily-reassembled facilities package five months before the voting would leave us with no credibility, and the first option would mean that we could not throw the kind of Worldcon that we wanted to throw and that we felt the fan deserved for the 50th occasion. Besides, the relationship with the Sheraton had been poisoned, and we had no guarantee that they wouldn't sell more of the hotel out from under us. The decision was a painful one, but it was an action we felt morally obligated to make, as long as there was another viable bid (Orlando) on the horizon.

You may recall that members of a hotel chain which will remain nameless gave grief to the 1988 and '89 Worldcons, Boskone, Phoenix, Dorsai Thing, and Conclave 8 in Ann Arbor, MI. I now know which hotel I'm not staying at if I can help it.

Due to a typo entering John Boardman's address into the computer, Op. 3 bounced back to me (three weeks after I mailed it) and did not make it into the last mailing. It's included this time. So in answer to your complaint, John, the anniversary issue should have been a bit thicker - don't despair.

I am now raking it in as a rent-a-hacker. The job I mentioned in the last issue (which, through the magic of this writer's stupidity, appears on the previous page) came through. The project is for a multinational chemicals firm using the Oracle relational database product. One of the "wish list" items was that the system be implemented in English, but extensible if possible to other languages - French, German, and Japanese (kana, thank goodness!) are desired. I decided that if I designed it in at the very beginning, it would be much cheaper than backfitting it; except for the feature to remap the keyboard (which is hardware-dependent), it's tested and working, although I don't have the fluency in technical French or German to give them the translations. (Instead, I gave them a little utility to enable them to type in their own translations.) Unlike my last project, I am in charge of the development strategy, so I can fix things in the initial design (which was done by someone else) instead of having to work around problems. Deadlines are as tight as with the last project, and the task is more difficult, but the lack of bureaucratic overhead more than makes up for it. It looks as if I may be taking a business trip to Basel, Switzerland in May.

I have decided to give up being the stage manager of the Arlington Symphony next season. The bottom line is that it is distracting too much from my concentration while playing. In the last concert I made a number of horrid mistakes (which did not, fortunately, stand out in the tape) which I attribute to the problems I had dealing with the staging. I take the symphony as seriously as I do my day job, and I want to give a fully professional performance even if I don't get paid full-time money for it. Unhappily, the May 21st performance of the Dvorak Requiem has been cancelled due to lack of funds. Another misfortune is that next season we will be considered part-time employees of the symphony, with dire tax consequences for me at least. Fortunately I think I still pass the hobby income test which means that I can finish depreciating my bow even though my only Schedule C musical income will be tape royalties. I had been donating my income back to the symphony, but now I think I will refuse the check and deduct my musical expenses as in-kind charitable contributions, as I had been doing in Battle Creek, MI.

I picked up a new musical toy: a Yamaha PSS-480 portable keyboard. It has 100 voices, percussion effects, five-note polyphonic memory, MIDI input and output, and more features than I will probably ever use. However, I wanted the memory, and the MIDI means it will come in handy when I get my music setup. With the bank account fattening up nicely, even after paying for a bunch of new clothes and my cat's vet bill for a dislocated toe (how, we don't know), I really am running out of excuses for delaying. The main reason I bought it was to do arrangements; while I can do it in my head, I like to be able to play it back to confirm that it will sound the way I thought it would. I used it to arrange the song included below, as well as *Frozen Dreams* (to come in a future issue) and *Wrong Number*, which is just as difficult on the guitar as I feared. (It changes key up one step between verses, again halfway through the bridge, up a fourth going from verse to bridge, and down a diminished fourth going from bridge to verse - i.e., down a minor second from the previous verse. It's got augmented chords, diminished chords - bohemoi!)

On March 7th Sally Rogers, a nationally-known folksinger, came to town to play for the Reston Folk Club. Sally and I went to high school together in Shorewood, Wisconsin; she was a year ahead of me. She left for college the same year I moved down to Oklahoma for my senior year of high school. I went to Michigan State and ran into Sally in the music building - I had no idea that she had also chosen MSU. She got married and moved off to Connecticut while I remained in Lansing several more years. She didn't know I had moved to DC, so I got to surprise her. On the 22nd, I showed up for the weekly open mike and did *For All Friends Of the Piper* and *Kathy Mar's Velveteen*, acquitting myself not too shabbily. I've been encouraged to practice the guitar just by having the Martin 12-string - it's such a beautiful instrument I feel like I'm committing a sin if I don't play it.

I just got my copy of *Station Break*, the long-awaited second tape from Technical Difficulties (which they were nice enough to give me for my minor contributions to the arrangement of *Dreamer's Lament*). Lord only knows when the next one will be out, if ever, as TJ is now married to Mitchell Clapp and is apparently moving (moved?) to California. (And you thought they had problems getting together to rehearse now!)

Additional information on something mentioned by Harold Feld in #40: In *Paradise Lost #4* (written for MISHAP, of which I am also a member), Duane Elms reported that an envelope containing seventeen nominations for Dawson's Christian was mailed from Oakland before the deadline, but according to Susan

Satterfield of the Nolacon committee arrived after the printing deadline for the final Hugo ballot (which was two weeks after the postmark date). Locus reported that it only took eighteen ballots to nominate something for "other forms." Duane smells a rat. Given my experience with the bounced package to John Boardman (three weeks after mailing) maybe it is the PO's fault. Duane surely has the right to be PO'd at someone!

Also in MISHAP, this from Alan Dormire, is that we don't need an "other forms" category - an only slightly loose interpretation of "fan writer" seems to fit. In the legal sense, "publication" refers to all forms, not just printed matter. Thus I think a Firebird or Wail cassette would qualify as a semiprozine. (I've talked to Bob Laurent of Wail, and he definitely isn't making a living at it any more than the filkers!) While it's too late for this year, we should be thinking about next year. (And since the tape will come out this year, Perseid should be eligible in Holland.... :-()

February brought a double helping of bad news: the death of Alex Tons, a Detroit-area fan, and the serious injury of Renee Alper in separate auto accidents. I didn't know Alex all that well; my impression of him was one of those quiet, shy, pleasant people who unobtrusively do necessary things and are noticed most when they're not there to do them any more. Alex was not a filk performer, but was often in the audience. Renee is another Midwestern filker who already had to deal with psoriatic arthritis, which not only leaves her in a wheelchair, but also causes her skin to flake, needing careful grooming if she does not want to look shocking in public and have her hair fall out. She broke a bone in her neck; she will be in a brace and halo for several months, but she told me it does look like she will recover fully. (She was partially paralyzed, but has been regaining movement.) She would love to receive get-well cards; her address is 730-F Northland Rd, Forest Park, OH 45240.

Poor Ollie now says he didn't know lying to Congress was a crime. And this ignoramus held a sensitive position in our government. One of the best arguments for anarchy I've heard in a long time.

Another great argument for anarchy is my latest tax bill. I'm now over the "serf line." What I mean by this is that the percentage of my gross pay absorbed by taxes (federal, state, and FICA) exceeds the one-third paid by a mediaeval serf to his feudal lord. Lucky thing I don't get all the government I pay for!

His Dishonor the Mayor has been in the news both locally and nationally for his ineptitude in dealing with the drug "problem" (which there is a wide suspicion His Dishonor has one of). Good thing I live in Arlington rather than the District itself. DC gets even less government than it pays for than I do, and what it does get is almost all the wrong kind.

* * * * *

C O U N T E R P O I N T (including a lot of catching up)

John Boardman - (#39) Ollie North didn't try suicide, McFarlane did. (#40) I have a very precise definition of terrorism. Terrorism is the deliberate use of violence against innocent civilians for political purposes. It can, but need not be, carried out by official soldiers of a government. When the PLO

ambushes Israeli army patrols, or the IRA tries to blow up Margaret Thatcher in Brighton, that is not terrorism (despite what Israel and GB claim), but rather guerrilla action against legitimate military targets. The justice of their cause is a separate matter. When PLO members plant bombs in a civilian airliner, or infiltrate into Israel, pick up a months-old baby and splatter its brains against a rock (both of which they have done), that's terrorism. When an air force bombs a tank factory located in a city, and hits nearby civilians, that is not terrorism - the action against civilians was incidental to legitimate military operations. When the air force annihilates a city to weaken the will of the enemy government, that's terrorism. Clear now?

Harold Feld - (#39) Apology accepted. I try to be very scrupulous about crediting songs that aren't mine, but sometimes people walk in late and still get the wrong idea. Clif Flynt and Bill Roper tell an amusing story about Clif's Mama Rosa's which people mistakenly attributed to Bill just because he sang it. Thereafter Bill found that the song worked as a spell of Clif summoning - if he sang it at a filk, Clif would invariably walk into the room in the middle of it. (re the title) It's a triple-entendre. In music, 'D[a] C[apo] al Fine' means 'from the beginning to the end,' which is appropriate for a newszine. It can also be read as 'DC to the end,' which refers to my current views on where to live (I really like it here), or 'all fine in DC,' which it usually is in a personal sense if not politically. (re bardics) A 'pass or play' (no pick) format would still allow shy people to get in.

Roberta Rogow - (#39) The problem with taking my guitars on as carry-on is that they are both dreadnoughts and will not fit in the overhead (no guitar fits under the seat!). Braniff owes me a companion ticket which I think will be used for the guitars next Bayfilk. (I'm going to insist they get a meal.)

* * * * *

Not All Songs Are For Heroes
Words and music copyright 1989 by Michael P. Stein

e D
He was just an average guy,
C D
Kind of quiet and kind of shy.
e b7
He wasn't handsome, he wasn't tall.
C Cmaj7 D
You pro'bly wouldn't have noticed him at all.
C G Cmaj7 D
You ask: "What's the big deal, why should anyone care?"
e C D
All I can say is: He was my friend.
But-
C D7 G G D
Not all songs are for heroes,
C D7 G a7 b C
Some songs are just for ordinary women and men.
a f#dim G
This song's not for a hero,
D e
This song's for a friend.

Seldom did she leave her home.
She said she liked to live alone.
Just an old woman on unsteady feet,
The kind you ignore when you walk down the street.
You ask: "What does it matter? Why should anyone care?"
All I can say is: she called me friend.
But-...

How many people have you met,
Whose friendship you cannot forget,
Though if asked why, you'd have to say
You really don't know; it just happened that way.
"It's nobody special, just someone I once knew."
And how many people would say that of you?
So...

Don't sing songs just for heroes.
Also sing for ordinary women and men.
a f#dim G G b7
I've sung songs for the heroes.
C Cmaj7; D G
This song - I sing for a friend.

(In memory of Alex Tons)

the same time, the
people in the country side
are not so well educated
as those in the cities, and
therefore they do not know
so much about the world.

The people in the cities
are more educated than
those in the country side,
and therefore they know
more about the world.

People in the cities
are more educated than
those in the country side,
and therefore they know
more about the world.

People in the cities
are more educated than
those in the country side,
and therefore they know
more about the world.

FIRE AND ICE

copyright 1989 by I Abra Cinii(8903.11)

(to the tune of "I'm Gonna Be/500 Miles" by the Proclaimers)

If I'm freezing, I know where I'm gonna be,
I'm gonna freeze out in the dark at Lunacon.

If I'm sneezing, with a temp of 103,
It's gonna be the cold I caught at Lunacon.

If I wake up, at a quarter after three,
I'm gonna wake up to alarms at Lunacon.

If I'm deafened, You'll know what became of me.
It's from the deafening alarms at Lunacon.

If I walked down 500 steps, (chorus)
Then I'd walk up 500 more,
To be the fan who shut down that alarm
And threw it out the door.

If I'm crowded, I'll know where I'm gonna be,
I will be crowded with my friends at Lunacon.

If you party, in the parking lot with me,
We're gonna party in the cold at Lunacon.

If I'm cursing, with my honey next to me,
They've interrupted us again at Lunacon.

But If I'm smiling, you'll know what became of me.
I won the Fire Alarm pool at Lunacon.

(chorus, followed by:) For the last time! (4 times)
Lala lala lala lala lala la.
(repeat)

If I stagger, you'll know where I'm gonna be.
I'm gonna stagger half awake through Lunacon.

If I fall down, you'll know where I'm gonna be.
I'm gonna fall down fire steps at Lunacon.

If I'm filking, in the key of Middle_C,
I'll have to sing above alarms at Lunacon.

On the speakers: "Your attention, pretty please,
It's just another false alarm at Lunacon."

....Warn me next year when they turn the sprinklers on.

(full chorus with repeats)

Corridor Talk



A Killer Idea?

Obvious material for comedians with non-traditionalist tastes: What should Dan Quayle get for his next birthday? A game called Save the President.

Game marketers reportedly didn't find the game's concept of players trying to kill the President of the U.S. so funny. American distributors and retailers universally nixed the option on the game when creator Jack Jaffe of the United Kingdom first tried to market it in America five years ago.

Recently, however, Americans got their first glimpse of Save the President during F.A.O. Schwarz' New York store's Expo Britain, a two-week showcase of popular merchandise from the U.K. As it

turned out, enough game-crazy citizens showed up for the novelty to sell it out during its two-week run at the store.

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Grasping the Basics

So you get home from the supermarket, open up your Klondike Bars and—what the heck!—they've gone all mushy.

For those haven't yet figured out that frozen novelties melt when not refrigerated, the International Ice Cream Association has issued a flyer of helpful hints. The tipsheet, entitled *Tips From the Trade*, suggests that consumers pick up ice cream just before checking out, use an extra bag as insulation for the way home and unpack their frozen novelties first.

Let's just hope that the major-

ity of Americans don't really need the advice.

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Cherry Polishing

Sick of that gas and oil smell of combustion engineering? Turtle Wax Inc. of Chicago last month introduced New Cherry Scented Polish Wax. Intended as a means for car washes to lure customers, the wax gives ones car the normal Turtle Wax shine while emitting a "pleasant, long-lasting cherry fragrance." Sounds perfect for spiffing up that old Pinto for resale. At least it won't smell like a lemon.

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The Devil Made Me Send It

No, it's not just another "splat-ter" film coming to a drive-in near you. This is real (and it's

coming to your nearest facsimile terminal): "Fax from Hell!"

Okay, so nobody will ever use Sutter Home Winery's varieties for sacramental wine. But the St. Helena, Calif. company's marketing support manager Rob Celsi is certainly drawing attention to its new facsimile stationery, signed with a letterhead that reads "Fax from Hell." Celsi wanted, as does any good marketing person, his messages to "break through the clutter," in this case the clutter of fax room avalanches. Celsi says he's inspired quick response to correspondences just to acknowledge the nuttiness of the ploy.

"We're a pretty crazed bunch here to begin with," he says. "I like to think of myself as a fax terrorist." —Matthew Grimm